by margit galanter

randy locates their selves, roots.

As I am watching *Vectors of Adverse Desire*, I am struck by these:

alone in a room, with the marios, color, form. Relief in grief.
The Brothers are anchors, futurity, the screen is pleasure,
digital visual pleasure coupled with a pain of loneliness so palpable, like the way cartoons are a layer of experience so entrained they feed while they don't feed, embody while no-body, but still, yes, the body is always present. A place to be.

The songs of Mario helped me see that, how we are living in the half-dream, neither the dreamworld but not quite not it, either.

the bridge is that the vitality that rushes us in watching their moving being live, now, here, on the screen, it's this. this game is an energetic bridge - takes the viewer simultaneously out of and in time, out of and in the space, out of and in the dream

chariot and ride, or sit outside?

things

If indeed there is such a *thing* considered as animacy hierarchy (Mel Chen), — that what constitutes a proper body and has living form is transnational, deeply intersectional, and certainly political, — well then, so too also there is a psychic world of aliveness expressed. Something rubs off, and shimmers here.

interstitial

with this piece, like so much of their work, randy's, space is located, has form, has texture, quality, and 'objects' appear to (be)come alive and migrate into living constellations. It builds over time, in reverence to the tones of the interstitial. These materials / or rather, these immaterials, / or rather, these infinite-energetic-aggregates come into formations, and then somehow through it, i can locate myself. but I have to work - the place isn't chosen, no didactic here, so I have to traverse some wild wide expanse to find my own seat as a viewer. what i mean is i can't just sit down, i am a bit at the edge of my seat, only because they are musical chairs. suspended, supported, no fantasy, all possibility. you sing you sing and the past washes through. as audience, i bear witness. they give me space to. and the piece as a whole, it turns into something that's no thing, no-thing, a resonating body of language. a body language adhering to an ineffable but known consideration.

thinking about the title of this piece, "Vectors of Adverse Desire."

vectors: reference, angles, directionalities, dynamic arrangements through sacred geometries
adverse: it's so very very hard to be alive, to be sentient, to be sensitive, today
desire: for connection, for beauty, eros, for life, itself

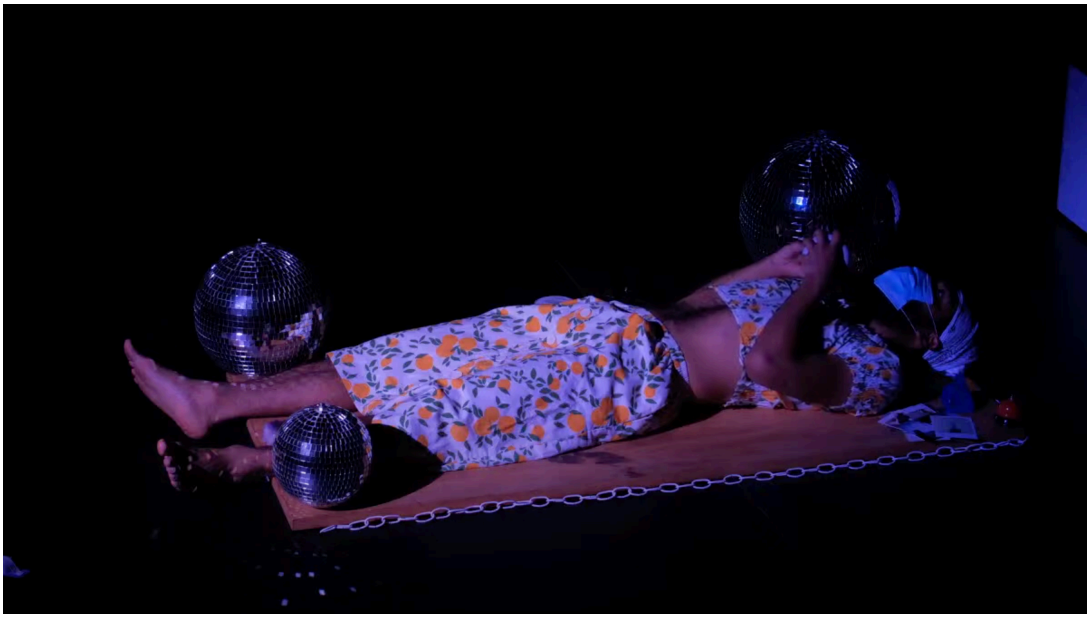
this piece is:

feral art
ritual art
togetherness art
aloneness art
it's composed with the broadest sense imagined

clearing a psyche
purification art
invocation
then
stepping out of the living dream into what it means to be awake in the dream

and then when they dance, it's holy, surprising, tended, potent, mysterious, just what is needed to forumulate the constellation, not "just" dance, but dance as sacred conjuring of safety and possibility.

the joy
house
lightning
naming, and through that, burning through
welcoming death



being with the livingness of It All.
I am moved